THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 28. SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1870. Price TWOPENCE.

Here and There.

ON Wednesday, being the anniversary of the death of the Duchess of Kent, the Queen and the Royal Family visited the Duchess' Mausoleum at Frogmore.

Her Majesty held an investiture of the Order of the Bath on Thursday at Windsor Castle.

His Highness the Nawab Nazim of Bengal has presented a petition in support of the claim which His Highness prefers against the British Government to Her Majesty. It is needless to say that the petition was graciously received.

A coke merchant killed himself because an unexpected increase of business annoyed him. Fuelish fellow!

After an auction in New York, which resulted in a row, one of the attendants was asked "how things went off." "Oh, capitally," said he, "every buyer was sold, and several of them were knocked down into the bargain."

At the conclusion of the magisterial inquiry on Tuesday, at Llandyssil, the Bench committed Evan Jacob and Hannah Jacob, the father and mother of Sarah Jacob, the Welsh fasting girl, for trial on a charge of manslaughter. Bail was accepted.

Jolie définition du Bal masqué:
"Un établissement de charité pour les femmes laides."

It is said that Mr. Bernal Osborne has been advised, now that his brilliant sallies are likely to be eclipsed by the new Irish Solicitor General, to "Dowse his glim."

A Vermont editor has invented a new method of rousing delinquent subscribers to a sense of their duty. He writes on obituary notice of them.

An American editor at a dinner table being asked if he would take some pudding, replied in a fit of abstraction, "Owing to a crowd of other matter, we are unable to find room for it."

One day last week, The Rev. L. Stronghach, who had been in active training for some time, performed a complete marriage service, *entirely without assistance*. The Rev. gentleman, who had backed himself for a good stake at long odds, was loudly cheered at the conclusion of his unparalleled achievement.

Do Lent preachers deliver borrowed sermons?

Mademoiselle X— comparaît devant la justice de paix du neuvième arrondissement.
"Vous avez un état, mademoiselle? lui dit le juge."
"Oui, monsieur."
"Quel état?"
"Eh bien! mais, réplique mademoiselle X—, l'état, c'est— moi!"

A curious scene occurred last week at a book sale. A spirited competition for a rare folio had taken place between an old and a young gentleman: victory eventually declaring itself in favour of antiquity. The unsuccessful bidder was much chagrined at his defeat, and marching up to the old gentleman said, in an audible whisper, "You old villain, you have got the best of me now; but I will buy the Pynson at YOUR sale, and omit to settle with the executors"

Nature states that Professor Unger, of Vienna, a well-known botanist, has been found murdered in his bed at Graz; and no trace of the murderer has yet been discovered. A priest has taken this opportunity to assert from the pulpit at Cilly, Styria, that the body of the late philosopher had probably been destroyed by the devil himself, who had just claims upon his soul!

A good story comes from Cambridge. It is said that when the Greek Archbishop of Syros and Tenos attended the other day in the Senate House, for the purpose of receiving his honorary degree of LL.D., he dropped his pocket handkerchief, and, on stooping down to recover it, one of the undergraduates in the gallery exclamed, "Hurrah for the Grecian bend!" The effect was, of course, so intensely ludicrous, that the whole assemblage was convulsed with laughter.

En sortant du Sénat:
"L—, un homme de talent?— ne m'en parlez pas."
"Pourquoi?"
"C'est un vendu."
"Bah!— Et que pensez-vous donc de Y—, alors?—"
"Lui, c'est différent, c'est un acheté."

"What is the cause of that bell ringing?" inquired William. "I think," said John, "that somebody has pulled the rope."

"How singularly stupid you are to-day," said X to Y, "What is the reason?"
"I've just passed half an hour with that ass Z, and we've been *exchanging ideas*."

We cut the following from a daily paper:—

LADY MORDAUNT'S PORTRAIT, and those of the other persons connected with the Case, sent post free on receipt of 13 stamps each; highly coloured ditto, 25 stamps each.—Address Photo, 169, Westminster-bridge-road, London.

"Highly coloured" indeed!

Connecticut proposes to pass a law restricting people from procuring divorces until they have been married at least two weeks.

Il y a deux jours, une de nos plus jolies actrices, mademoiselle R—, pour qui la beauté de M. Veuillot n'est pas précisément l'idéal, est allée se faire vacciner chez un de nos grands médecins.
Elle ôte résolûment son corsage et montre au docteur un bras d'une blancheur à rendre jalouse Junon elle-même, la déesse aux bras de neige, suivant l'épithète favorite d'Homère.
"Docteur, dit-elle en voyant la lancette, est-ce que cela fait bien souffrir?"
"Tranquillisez-vous, mademoiselle, dans six mois, vous aurez une douleur autrement forte à supporter!"
Mademoiselle R— a rougi—
C'est qu'il n'y a rien à cacher au docteur F—!

The matchless Demidoff collection has been allowed to be dispersed without the acquisition of a single art-treasure for England.

At a recent Halifax (Ottawa) duel both principals ran off at the first shot, leaving their seconds to settle the matter.

At the London Pavilion:—
COMIC VISITOR. "I say, when do the Japanese open their stomachs?"
COURTEOUS MANAGER. "The day will be advertised, sir, in the (happy) *Despatch*.

Hamilton House, Arlington-street, Piccadilly, with its magnificent fittings and decorations, is about being purchased for a new Liberal club.

Mademoiselle X—, artiste d'un théâtre de genre, aussi renommée pour la maigreur de son torse que pour celle de sa voix, soupait, le nuit dernière, au Café Anglais. Elle mange des moules, mais elle en mange —là—jusqu 'à se donner une indigestion.
"L'imprudente enfant! dit un cocodès, en la voyant ainsi souffrir—Combien de fois lui ai-je dit qu'elle n'était pas faite au *moule*!—"

We have to announce the death of Mr. Wm. Brough, the well-known journalist, essayist, and dramatist. Mr. Brough died on Sunday, at the age of 44, after a lingering illness of some months.

The death of Dr. Duncan, a professor in the New College, Edinburgh, is announced. Professor Duncan was a very "absent-minded" man; and a legend used to be current about him which has been told of many people in slightly different forms. The doctor was coming, so says the story, out of the college one day, when a cow brushed slightly against him; the doctor mechanically lifted his hat and muttered, "I beg your pardon, ma'am." He was a good deal rallied about this, and a day or two afterwards, as he was again coming from his class, he stumbled against a lady, and at once exclamed, "Is that you again, you beast?"

Deux petites dames causent des messieurs qui les suivent en portant leurs pelisses.
"Qu'est-ce que c'est que le tien?"
"Un banquier ou un agent de change, un homme plus ou moins comme ça. Et le tien?"
"Le mien! c'est un étranger. Mais il est très riche. Il a fait sa fortune dans les guanos."
"Oh! alors à ta place, j'aurais toujours peur u'l lui en restât quelque chose."

"How is it," said a man to his neighbour, "that Parson W——, the laziest man living, writes these interminably long sermons?" "Why," says the other, "he probably gets to writing, and is too lazy to stop."

At a Bible class:—
CLERGYMAN. "Supposing you were to see a poor man, like him who fell among thieves, stretched on the ground, wounded, bleeding, alone, and uncared for, what would you do?
SHARP LITTLE BOY. "Go for the pelisse, sir."

The most startling figure of speech we have met with for some time occurred in the *Nain Jaune* last week. Describing the scene at a conversazione the impassioned writer burst forth:—
"*C'etait un lac de seins étincelants, entouré de tout ce que Paris intellectuel a de plus éclatant.*

In the lobby:—
"What, not a junior lord yet? Why, it *rains* good things on people of your colour."
"Ah! but I always keep my umbrella up."

The French have a saying:—
Quand il tonne dans le mois de mars,
Le pain et le vin arrivent de toutes parts.
But they have also another to the effect that:—
Quand il tonne en mars,
Il faut dire: Hélas!
Which is to be believed?

A Pesth paper contains the following amusing notice addressed to the young swains of the neighbourhood:—I am called Pepi, and my sister is named Netti. We are endowed by nature with every charm that woman can possess. At present we are both engaged in the ballet at the National Theatre. But we are prudent, especially Netti, who is shy. She firmly believes that when a girl lets a young man kiss her, the latter's moustache will take root on her lips, which is disfiguring. Of course this does not always happen, especially where the young man has no moustache; but Netti is so superstitious. If any one thinks we are telling stories about ourselves he is mistaken, and he has only to apply for information to Madame Kovacs, dressmaker, —— Street. All we wish is to get married: in the first place, because religion tells us that this is the primary duty of every girl; and, secondly, because we are not growing younger, especially Netti. Therefore, any one who wants one or two wives will please to address—"Pepi or Netti, —— Street, Pesth, or to *Poste Restante*."

Pris aux flâneries Parlementaires de l'Argus du *Charivari*:
M. Barthélemy Saint Hiliare voulait addresser une question au garde des sceaux.
"Le ministre est-il prévenu? demanda le président."
"Il n'est qu'accusé, répondit un membre de la gauche."

The True Lovers' Knot:—The Marriage Tie.

We deeply regret to have to record the death of Mr. George Ede—so severely injured at Liverpool—which took place on Sunday night. He never recovered consciousness after his fall.

"The Denmark Theatre and Winter Garden" (Limited), formed for the purpose of creating a theatre, winter garden, restaurant, and mercantile club, on the site of Saville House, Leicester-square, has issued its prospectus. The promoters anticipate a dividend of 25 per cent.

In the House.

FRIDAY, MARCH 11th.—The debate upon the tedious Irish Land Bill came to a conclusion, and the Bill was read a second time by a majority of 442 to 11.

MONDAY, MARCH 14th.—In the Lords Earl Granville very briefly informed the House that, in the course of the week, a Bill would be introduced into the Lower House to amend the Peace Preservation Act of 1856 in Ireland. His Lordship abstained from giving any details of the proposed measure, and begged that their Lordships would not, on the present occasion, begin any debate about Ireland, a request which, however, "*riz the dander*" of the Duke of Richmond and Lord Salisbury, who both thought that the Commons had had a good deal of talk about Ireland all to themselves, and they didn't see why they shouldn't have an Irish debate if they chose. Any way, they protested against being told what they were to do and what they were not to do in their own House by the leader of the Government. The discussion dropped awhile, and then Lord Carnarvon made another attempt to galvanise a debate on Ireland into existence by asking Lord Clanricarde what his intentions were with regard to his notice on the paper in reference to the state of Ireland, and whether he intended to bring it on at once or leave the notice on the books. The cock, however, wouldn't fight; and Lord Clanricarde, while he professed himself deeply sensible of the importance of the matter, hesitated to bring it forward, and thought, on the whole, he had better leave himself in the hands of the Government, which he did, and the House rose at a quarter to six o'clock.

In the House of Commons, Mr. P. Taylor announced that he was prepared with a motion for the rejection of the Sunday Trading Bill on the second reading. Mr. Gladstone gave notice that, on Thursday, the Chief Secretary for Ireland would introduce his Irish Peace Preservation Amendment Act. Mr. Gladstone was a little more communicative as to its provisions than was Lord Granville in another place, but only sufficiently so to whet the appetite of the House for Thursday's disclosures. Lord Crichton moved that, in the opinion of the House, the conduct of the Government was unconstitutional in having removed Captain Coote from the shrievalty of Monaghan, and proceeded briefly to state the case. It appeared that at the last Monaghan Spring Assizes, the counsel for a man named McKenna, a Catholic, on his trial for the murder of a Protestant in an election row, challenged the jury panel, and that the challenge was thereupon sustained by the two triers (Roman Catholics) appointed by the judge, and the panel set aside. The Government having called on Captain Coote to dismiss his Deputy Sheriff, whom they charged with having packed the jury, Captain Coote defended the acts of his deputy, declined to dismiss him, and was consequently dismissed himself by the Lord-Lieutenant, and a successor appointed in the person of a certain Roman Catholic gentleman named Langdale, whose name was not upon the roster, over the heads of other gentlemen who were on the list and were duly qualified for the office. Mr. Langdale, it would further appear, immediately on his assuming office, appointed, as his deputy, a man who was treasurer of a defence-fund for the very man McKenna, at whose trial the original jury was challenged. Mr. C. Fortescue defended the action of the Government as well as he could, but was compelled to admit that Mr. Langdale had been "*unfortunate*" in his selection of a sub-sheriff (so we should think). In the course of the debate, it came out that, in the Law Courts of Ireland, there exists a pleasant rivalry among the jurymen—Orangemen struggling for the privilege of being called to assist at the trial of Catholic prisoners, and Catholics anxious to be put on the panel to serve for the purpose of convicting Protestants! Under these circumstances, a High Shrievalty can be no bed of roses. Ultimately Lord Crichton's motion was defeated by a majority of 80; but, from certain indications, we should say that it is likely the public will hear more of the matter. Mr. W. E. Forster moved the second reading of the Elementary Education Bill; and, on the adjournment of the debate, the House went into Committee of Supply.

TUESDAY, MARCH 15th.—The Marquis of Clanricarde made some slight amends for having knocked under the previous night to Lord Granville, "*in re* Ireland," by calling his lordship's attention to the state of Mayo and part of Galway, which appeared to be under mob law: troops having been despatched to quell the disturbances. Lord Granville could only plead that the accounts received had been greatly exaggerated; but there could be no doubt the country was in a bad state. The Earl of Albemarle wanted some soft gravel laid down on the west side of the road in the park, parallel with Park-lane, for the benefit of equestrians, and suggested the exemplification of the adage, "*fiat experimentum in corpore vile*" in the person of the Chief Commissioner of Works on a "groggy" horse, to show the expediency of the improvement. Lord Granville said he had, he believed, met Lord Albemarle that morning on that particular spot, but not on a "groggy" nag. Oh, no!! The Lords adjourned after this interchange of pleasantry, and a sitting of only five-and-twenty minutes' duration.

In the Commons, the Thames Navigation Bill passed the second reading. Sir J. Pakington gave notice of his intention to ask the Government as to the truth of the statement that the "City of Boston" was overladen, being the same cause which led to the loss of the "London" (hear, hear); and whether any steps were to be taken to avert in future this source of danger. Sir T. Bateson asked the Chief Secretary for Ireland whether it was true that Mr. William O'Brien, who was murdered in the county of Leitrim last October, had been, on the previous Sunday, denounced from the altar by the Rev. Mr. Evers, the Roman Catholic priest of Mohill. Mr. C. Fortescue gave an evasive reply. (He seems fated always to give evasive replies.) Mr. O'Brien had not been denounced, but he had been merely indicated publicly by the reverend gentleman as not being a good son of the Church—a distinction without any very great difference to our mind. In England, if a parson were to refer to a parishioner from the pulpit by name, he would probably suffer for it; and we do not quite see why Mr. Evers should escape, or, at any rate, why the subject should have dropped with a (hear, hear), as it did. The adjourned debate on the second reading of the Elementary Education Bill was resumed by Mr. Winterbotham and closed by Mr. Lowe; after which there was a short and sharp discussion as to the re-adjournment, Mr. Gladstone intimating most unmistakeably that he expected, if the debate was resumed on Friday, it should be concluded on that evening. Both Mr. T. Collins and Mr. Fawcett would be no parties to a premature burking of the debate on Friday night, because Mr. Gladstone wanted it to be got through on that evening. Eventually the debate was again adjourned to Friday.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16th.—The morning sitting was, for once in a way, amusing. Mr. W. Martin moved the second reading, and, after a short discussion, withdrew his Game Laws Amendment Bill; and Mr. Leatham then rose, and moved the second reading of the Ballot Bill. After reproducing all the stock arguments on this question, the Marquis of Hartington rose, and gave a qualified assent of the Government to this stage of the Bill, at the same time acknowledging that Ministers had been placed in an awkward position by the fact that the Committee of the House on the Ballot had only rendered their report on the previous evening. Government admitted the principle of the Bill, and would give it their support, on condition that further progress should be postponed, to enable Ministers, if they thought fit, to introduce a Bill of their own. Mr. Bernal Osborne on this occasion made his maiden speech in his capacity as Member for Waterford, amid the cheers and laughter of the House. Drawing on his experiences of the lambs of Nottingham and the Waterford Fenians, he defended the Ballot as the only protection of the conscientious voter against the tyranny of either the rich minority or that of the democratic majority, both of which he equally deprecated. It is all very well to say that the principle of the Ballot is not logical. Voters may not have logical minds, but they have breakable heads, and the Ballot is an essential protection against having their heads broken in a logical manner. People can't be expected to go to the poll and vote, at the risk of coming home on a shutter, or having their thatch fired; and the only way to supersede vote by bullet was by vote by Ballot. If, however, we are to have a Bill at all, it must not be confined to the Ballot, it must also do away with the "servile necessity" of canvassing, the "exasperating formula" of the nomination, and that "incentive to riot," the declaration of the poll. Mr. Newdegate waxed very wroth at what he termed Mr. Leatham's attempt to take the House at a disadvantage before they were in possession of full information on the subject; and ended by moving the adjournment of the debate. Mr. Leatham said he should consider the division on the question of adjournment as a division on the main question, but this was too barefaced, and the adjournment "*pur et simple*" was therefore moved, and thrown over by a majority of 110. Colonel Barttelot at once rose in a greater fury, if possible, than Mr. Newdegate, and again moved the adjournment of the debate, which afforded an opportunity for Mr. J. Collins (a Conservative) to make a brief, but eminently *mal àpropos* speech from a Tory point of view; and again the House divided, with the same result as before. Lord Claud Hamilton complained loudly of the contemptuous manner in which the House was treated by the Ministers, and, especially, in having finally delegated the duty of conducting the debate to Mr. Ayrton. (Loud laughter.) Lord Claud charged Mr. Leatham with ambition in aspiring to emulate the fame of his relative, Mr. Bright, and again moved the adjournment of the debate. The third time was successful; Mr. Leatham gave way, and Mr. Ayrton having, in his usual clumsy way, apologised for the non-appearance of Mr. Gladstone on the ground that it was not the custom of the First Minister to attend on Wednesdays "*unless there were a grave question under consideration*," the debate was adjourned to the 3rd of May.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

No. 6.

FROM HAROLD DARVILLE, ESQ., SEN., TO HAROLD DARVILLE, ESQ., JUN.

MY DEAR BOY,—I lose no time in replying to your straightforward and manly letter. It was like yourself—blunt and practical. In these two qualities you undoubtedly take after your father, and, therefore, I will be blunt and practical in my reply. I may say at once that I sincerely envy you the youthful generosity which impelled you to acquire pecuniary liabilities you had no immediate prospect of discharging, and the youthful impulse which induced you to take pity on your unhappy tailor and the unfortunate horsedealer, to say nothing of the young nobleman whom you assisted with your name in the hour of his lamentable difficulty. So ably and truthfully have you sketched these transactions that I feel it would be positively wrong of me to deprive you in any way of the glow of satisfaction you must feel in your generous self-sacrifice; and, consequently, it would be depriving virtue of its own reward if I offered to take the consequences of your generosity, and pay tailors', horsedealers', and young noblemen's bills. No, my dear boy, I could not be so mean. You shall have all the glory to yourself, and, with continued heroic self-denial, you shall pay the amounts out of the limited income it is my satisfaction to allow you. You are doubtless aware that some severe moralists think that the man who wilfully incurs liabilities he has no means of satisfying is nothing better than an ordinary swindler. I will not employ terms so harsh to you; I could not do so. I have provided you, as you justly remark, with a liberal education; you are young, and can work, and have inherited from your parents a certain amount of ability; and, by a careful frugality for the next few years, you will be able eventually to set yourself free from the debts which now, in a manner, embarrass you. I feel that I should wrong your honesty and candour if I

assumed that, on reflection, you really desired that I should be the real benefactor of your tailor, and others whom you have employed, out of sympathy for them on account of the stagnation of trade. I really could not take such an advantage of you. I allow you, as you are aware, 300*l.* per annum. By exercising a careful economy, you can put away every year one-half the sum, and, in the course of time, your creditors will have reason to feel that their confidence has not been misplaced.

You say that temptations have no further charm for you; need I say how glad I am to hear it? Experience, no doubt, is often bitter, but we must all gratefully accept it, and be thankful that it is not so bitter as it might have been. Instead of owing the comparatively trifling sum of 500*l.*, you might have owed 1,000*l.* and more, and that would have hampered you for a much longer period than under present circumstances.

It is a great pleasure to me to know that you are reading hard. Read away, my dear boy; never mind your health; an occasional pill will keep your liver right. You have had an easy, not to say luxurious life hitherto, and a little hard work will do you no harm, though it may cause you some temporary inconvenience. You may, perhaps, obtain a travelling fellowship, or a Vice-Chancellorship, or something of that kind, the emoluments of which will assist you in paying your debts. I am sorry I cannot ask you to come down here during the Easter vacation; but some of your mother's relations have promised to pay us a visit about that time, and I fear your room will be occupied. Doubtless you would far rather stay at Oxford and read. In the summer I intend to break up my establishment and take your mother and sisters abroad for a year. Probably I shall let the shooting. I should recommend you to take lodgings in Camberwell or Hackney, where, I understand, rents are very moderate, for your next Long Vacation. I should be glad to hear of your successes in the schools.—Your affectionate father,

HAROLD DARVILLE.

P.S.—As to the champagne, you are of age, and can enter into contracts for yourself. I fear you will find the vintage you desire rather expensive.

Our Prize Rhymes.

PRIZE WORD—No. XXI.—JAUNDICE.

First—

From sunset to dawn, dice
And cards. The pale sun
Threw a halo of jaundice
Round doer and done.

Mrs. Mary Ann Dyce
Suddenly grew bilious;
She said it was jaundice,
But she was punctilious.

— —

Pastry, machine-made and hand; ice
Cream and water; blancmanges and jelly;
Enough to give schoolboys the jaundice,
And pain to a Hottentot—stomach.

MARCO.

Second—

His wife puts his watch into pawn—dice
And cards have now brought him to that—
While, with a bad touch of the jaundice,
The poor wretch lies on his back flat.

TRIPLE HARP.

Third—

At that elegant game with the cue
Cook, Roberts, or Dufton would beat you;
Croquet is slow, silly, and tame,
But chess a fine *vis-a-vis* game;
I glory in check-mate with the pawn, dice
Bring despair, ruin—mental jaundice. CEDRIC.

Say *what* can a poor fellow do,
Yellow as gold with jaundice,
If in his pocket there's not a sous,
And his favourite ticker pawn'd is?

MY UNCLE.

This, this, I say,
The blackest day
That ever on me dawned is;
What other pain
For tender swain
So keen, as to be scorned is?
Say, what the man
To whom she ran,
On whom her mastiff fawned is?
What, don't you know?
Her brother?—No!
Her husband?—Pho!
Her lover?—Ho!
Ha, ha! ho, ho!
That's Doctor Doe,
Who cured her of the jaundice.

UNCLE DROS.

A hard-dealing Jew in his shop said,
"Vel, sar, do you come here to pawn dis
Gol' vatch?" Sighed the youth, blushing red
Through the still dark hue of his jaundice,
"I'm dying for want—lend me five pounds!"
The Jew now exclaimed with a groan, "Dis
Is too mush by one half, sar;—vy, zounds!
Am I, sar, to pay for your jaundice?"
A gold snuff-box next was produced:—
"Vell, now you will pledge for de loan dis?"
Thus the gaunt hungry youth was seduced,
Whilst Moses did bless "de good jaundice!"

HAWK.

O Mary, since that lovelorn kiss,
I've hardly tasted food;
Deprived of thee—a heaven-born bliss—
On this I darkly brood.

I'm sickening with the jaundice;
I would thy hand was won;
Longing for the happy morn, miss,
The church shall make us one.

GALAHAD.

LOVE AND FOLLY.

Tom—Oh! meet me in the grove to-night,
Do, Polly dear!
My pulses beat in sweet delight
When thou art near.

Polly—Last time you should have met me there
You never came;
I waited long, in sad despair—
Oh, 'twas a shame!

Tom—You quite forget—it was the rain
Kept me away;
I'm sure you ought not to complain:
What do you say?

Polly—What do I say? Well, simply this—
Tom, *dear*, good-bye!
If rain deters from happiness,
Good-bye say I.

Tom turned yellow, as if he'd got the jaundice;
Went home—got drunk upon the worst of brandies.
O foolish boy!—In love he who'd succeed,
Unto his fair one must all things concede;
Nor let such trifling things as rain prevent
Or hinder him from keeping an assignment.

BOSY HOCK.

I love a maid named Mary Jane,
And she a lovely blonde is;
Although (and this I own with pain)
They say she far too fond is

Of powder, which makes white the arms
That yellow are as jaundice,
And that, in fact, she owes her charms
To milliner and laundress.

This may be so, or may be not;
She may be a too fond dis-
Ciple of Rowland's mystic pot,
That gives a blush to jaundice.

Howe'er it be, to thee, my belle, oh!
The gold of all Golcondas
I'd give, e'en were thy skin as yellow
As it, or as the jaundice.

Then, name the day, my pretty Jane,
And don thy silken fawn-dress;
If jealous maids cry, "Ain't she lean!"
Fate seize them with the jaundice!

YELLOW PLUSH.

LOST AND FOUND.

Nero, who on Tom often fawned, is
Dead, I grieve to say.
For yellows, oft called jaundice,
Last week snatch'd him away.

The dog was fat, and large in size,
Though Tom his loss with grief bewails;
If he passes a pork-shop, it won't much surprise
Me to see all the sausages wagging their tails!

TRIPLE HARP.

Tom Noggs was a jolly old tar,
Engaging with song and with yarn; dis-
Engaged in affections; but, ah!
When ashore he was taken with jaundice.

They fetched him a North-country nurse,
Who dosed him with "sodas-and-brarndies"
So nice, that for better or worse,
He took her, when cured of the jaundice.

In comfort he lives on the land;
At home, too, his stocking now darned is
By wife's, not by sailmaker's hand,
And all through his having the jaundice.

"YELLOW AS A GUINEA IS HE."

I'm a poor afflicted woman,
Suffering from the jaundice;
I've got no shirts to wash,
Though by trade I am a laundress.
I've sold my chairs and tables,
And am about to pawn dice;
My husband used to sell 'em,
And warrant them as sworn dice.
So please bestow a trifle on
One suffering from the jaundice.

YELLOW.

The dark brunette's complexion rich,
By orange hues adorn'd is;
But fair-hair'd maids who wear them look
As yellow as the jaundice.

CARPET.

The jilted swain, whose soft suit scorn'd is,
Regards the maid with eyes of jaundice!

SEC.

Competition Papers received from—S. T. P.; Vale; North Key; Yeul; March Wind.

PRIZE WORD—No. XXII.—ARMY.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph; which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize, to prove his title thereto.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

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A CHRONICLE AND REVIEW
OF THE
DOINGS OF THE DAY, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LIMEJUICE.—We know you. Alone, you are of inestimable service to the Admiralty; in conjunction with glycerine, highly beneficial to the Crown. But you would be of no use to us.

VITIOSA NUX.—It is clear you did not back The Colonel. We agree with you, however, in thinking racing to be in a rotten state—in the Row.

DREDGE.—She is alive, though in very bad health. She resides, and has resided for some time, in Paris.

J. CATER.—As you will. But mind your "main chance" does not turn up crabs.

THE LAD.—You may whistle, but we sha'n't come to you.

W S. T.—He knows nothing of horses, horsemanship, or horse-racing, and is the shallowest of impostors. How could you listen to the music of such an empty brazen-pot?

THE THEATRES—THIS EVENING.

DRURY LANE.—Phobus' Fix—At a Quarter to Eight: Peep-o'-Day.

HAYMARKET.—Popping the Question—At Twenty Minutes to Eight: Our American Cousin—Deaf as a Post. Seven.

PRINCESS'S.—Your Life's in Danger—Paul Lafarge—A Dark Night's Work. Seven.

ADELPHI.—Blow for Blow—At Nine: Not Such a Fool as He Looks. Seven.

LYCEUM.—Twenty Minutes with a Tiger—At a Quarter to Nine: Chilpéric. Seven.

OLYMPIC.—Little Em'ly—At half-past Nine: The Princess. Seven.

GLOBE.—Whitebait at Greenwich—At Eight: Philomel—The Goose with the Golden Eggs. Seven.

ST. JAMES'S.—She Stoops to Conquer—At a Quarter past Nine: La Belle Sauvage—An Unhappy Pair. Seven.

STRAND.—The Happy Village—At a Quarter to Eight: The First Night—At Nine: Uncle Dick's Darling. Seven.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Dearest Mamma—At Eight: School—Quite by Accident. Half-past Seven.

GAIETY.—The Happy Village—At a Quarter to Eight: Uncle Dick's Darling—Ballet at Eleven. Seven.

NEW QUEEN'S.—Quick March—At a Quarter past Eight: 'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1870.

THE Turf Reform Controversy, Betting Branch, has been enlivened by a long letter from Admiral ROUS, who puts his lance in rest in defence of p.p. betting with what I must call his usual impetuous obstinacy. The lawgiver of the Turf commences his manifesto with refuting the assertion that betting is sanctioned by the Jockey Club. As every racing man is aware that from and after 1857 that body formally disclaimed all responsibility with respect to betting, and have never failed to announce on all possible occasions that they "take no cognisance of bets," the argument, fortified by long historical extracts, was scarcely necessary to disabuse our minds on this point. We knew that the single tribunal, whose influence might be supposed to have weight with the racing world, had declined to protect it in its most important transactions: no one concerned with the interests of the Turf was likely to forget so painful a truth. The single illustration offered by the Admiral of the injurious consequences of the Jockey Club's disclaiming responsibility on the subject is, however, extremely pertinent. After the frightful inconvenience caused last year by the false report of the death of the nominator of Pretender, Admiral ROUS proposed that the bets on a future occasion should go to the horse which came in first, provided no official intelligence of the death of the nominator had been received before the race. This useful and necessary suggestion fell to the ground in consequence of the self-imposed disqualification of the Jockey Club to meddle with the subject of bets.

But the gist of the letter lies in the comparison of the relative advantages and disadvantages of p.p. and non-p.p. betting: a subject of vital moment to the interests of the Turf. The difference between the rival systems lies in a nutshell. P.p., otherwise play or pay betting, does not give the backer a "start for his money," *i.e.*, if the horse backed does not run, the wager still holds good. Non-p.p. betting is, of course, the converse of this: in the event of the horse backed not starting, the wager is void. The objections to the former system, so forcibly felt by Sir JOSEPH HAWLEY, lie on the surface A fraudulent owner may lay against his own horse and decline to start him. The public backs their supposed good thing: it does not run, and they lose their money. This is a palpable blot, but the only one that can be urged against the p.p. system.

In non-p p. betting the greatest facilities for fraud are afforded to those who, to use the Admiral's expression, "have no objection to a pull when it suits their book." An owner has three or four horses of which one is safe to win, three safe to lose; the public back the wrong three (an extreme case), all start, and he wins with the fourth. Now, it may be roundly asserted that the public had seldom any excuse for backing the wrong horse. Careful watchers of the market—and only such have any excuse for betting—can seldom fail to know when the "right money is on," until which time, *i.e.*, when the owner has had an opportunity of investing his money, the backer interferes with the market at his own peril, and is entitled to no sympathy whatever if his premature fancy is scratched. If a horse now-a-days is well, and well in, it is 10 to 1 on his running for a valuable prize, provided only that his owner has the not unreasonable privilege of being able to trust his own property with a fair amount of—confidence. The accidents by flood and field, the sprains, inflammations, fractures, and other ills to which horseflesh is liable, must be considered part of the risk that attends any speculation;—the water in mines, the collisions on railroads, the failure of foreign governments to meet their engagements, which form the zero to what is called the "legitimate" speculation of the Exchange.

But, whether justified or not in doing so, the incautious better will often back the wrong horse: when he does so he does not, it seems to me, admit of a doubt that he is more easily, safely, and systematically robbed by the non-p.p. than the p.p. system. A contemporary states, I see, that there are numerous instances (it quotes *two*) of a presumed stiff 'un carrying off a great race in the teeth of the metallicians; I could name a hundred which failed to do so. My experience goes to prove that the horse of which these ominous sentences: "Certain operators never "left him," "Well-informed speculators never "ceased laying," "He would not go down in "certain quarters," is virtually dead. I do not attempt to explain the phenomenon, but so it is, as every racing man can testify.

One fact cannot too steadily be borne in mind: the abolition of p.p. betting is the annihilation of bookmaking. To suppose that a bookmaker will continue to make a Derby book on a system which after twelve months' labour will produce a certain loss, is to credit those able and industrious practitioners with an amount of amiable foolishness of which *(Lei mihi!)* I have never seen any trace. Should Sir JOSEPH HAWLEY's proposals be carried out, betting will henceforward be confined to post-betting,—a fact of which the owners of promising yearlings would do well to make a note.

That the mitigated bankruptcy of breeders, and the deterioration of blood-stock, will follow as a necessary consequence, there can hardly be a question. No one would purchase expensive yearlings for the fun of keeping them until they could be backed at the post; especially when so long an interval must elapse before their appearance in the character of a starter.

Unless the Jockey Club consent to falsify its whole previous policy, and elect to change its very constitution, it seems difficult to imagine how it can seriously entertain such a proposal as that which seeks to render "all bets void when a horse does not start." If it consent to eat its own deliberate words, and repeal its gravely-considered laws, it is more difficult to see how it can enforce the carrying out of its provisions as to a contract, the basis of which is simply honour, and of which the law takes no notice. Should it succeed in enforcing them, then it is most difficult of all to understand what possible benefit will be conferred on any living creature except those who "do not object to a pull." It is easy enough to convict Admiral ROUS of inconsistency, vehemence, and disregard of logical propriety: it is not nearly so simple a matter to dispose of his arguments in favour of p.p. betting. My cook may be given to exhilarating fluids: but no one makes a browner gravy.

LONDON LYRICS.

No. 16.

AH! terrible wind, that yells
And maddens through bitter streets;
The tale that your howling tells,
The ear of the wealthy greets;
For luxury there may woo,
And gold is more golden then;
You are not so merciless, you,
As the hearts of merciless men!

Mercy! what room for that,
Where self is the only thought?
For the heart has cursed, and the lips have spat
On the sorrow that sin has brought;
And the sin has been drowned in wine,
And the sorrow is called a lie—
It is folly to fret and pine,
It is better at once to die!

Shall I raise my voice to Heaven,
And call on a righteous God,
Whose lightnings the skies have riven,
Whose feet with vengeance are shod?
You laugh—there is no such thing,
But a picture of priestcraft vile;
Your voice had an icy ring
As you shattered faith with a smile.

You bade me believe in pleasure,
And the fires and furies of love;
And cunningly taught me to treasure
The fictions and fancies you wove
In the bright-coloured web where you bound
My soul, and senses, and brain;
And in the midst I have found—
What *you* shall find—horror and pain!

Do you dream that the ghost is laid—
That the phantom shall never more vex?
That your noon-day shall know no shade,
Your ocean shall see no wrecks?
Vain dreamer! I see afar
A cloud, the size of a hand,
That shall darken your boastful star
As it sets on a gloomy strand.

I stand in the cold cruel street,
And harken the mirthful glee,
While the murderous wind and sleet
Are working your hate on me.
I hear the music and song
Echo loud from your warm bright hall—
In the midst of the glittering throng
You shall hear me when I call!

I will call from the deep dark river
That rages and roars to the sea,
And you, with a bitter shiver,
Shall rise and shall follow me:
For the madness of wine and lust
Gripes hold of your aching brain,
And a horror tells you, you *must*
Seek silence and peace again.

You shall follow my steps to the river,
And, shuddering, stand on the shore,
And a devil shall whisper, For ever
Seek peace, and be vexed no more!
Believe to the last in a lie,
For you there's no Future to scan—
Plunge in, and in agonies die,
Remorseless, merciless man!

The Grumbler.

WHAT is the difficulty that threatens to jeopardise the Education Bill, so long needed and so lately promised? Why, the old, old stumbling-block to all progress and advancement—religious differences. Why need religion have anything to do with national education? That is just the question. Simply because experience has taught us that it should not; it necessarily has, and, what is more, will have. The fact is, at the present moment there are so many dissents and dissenters—so many faiths; and each party being so peculiarly jealous of its own dogmas and tenets, becomes most timorously susceptible of any chance influence operating upon the minds of its lambs, and so prefer that the masses should remain in total lamentable ignorance, rather than have them taught elementary knowledge, with a chance of their imbibing doctrines antagonistic to those of the parent stock, when, after all, it is education alone that could give any value to the opinion of any man, for the sincere belief of a human being, who can neither read or write, must, in seventy-five out of every hundred cases, be rather problematical.

"'Tis odd
How much a man can differ from his neighbour;
One wishes worship freely given to God,
Another wants to make it statute-labour,
The broad distinction in a line to draw,
As means to lead us to the skies above;
They say—one party, with their love of law,—
And One—the Saviour, with His law of love."

As said, or rather wrote, that truest Christian, dear Tom Hood, and who also so cleverly expressed himself—

"He did not hash the Gospel in his books,
And thus upon the public mind intrude it,
As if he thought, like Otaheitan cooks,
No food was fit to eat till he had chewed it;
On Bible stilts he didn't affect to stalk,
Nor lard with Scripture his familiar talk;
For man may pious texts repeat,
And yet Religion have no inward seat."

What is really wanted is simply a day-school for children at nothing per week: them as larns religion pays 2*d.* more. In other words, the whole difficulty of the question might be removed by simply enforcing practical elementary instruction, leaving religious matters entirely out of the question, except where the parents of the pupils (as, alas! in too many instances will prove to be the case) have none, and then, of course, the children fall under the care of the parish minister and parent State, or Established Church. At any rate, anything rather than brutal ignorance and want of education; and as Cowper has said—

"'Tis granted; and no plainer truth appears—
Our most important are our earliest years;
The mind, impressed and soft, with ease
Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees,
And, through life's labyrinth, holds fast the clue
That Education gives her—false or true."

And that being so, the sooner we have a compulsory system of education the better, for the present state of things is a shameful and national disgrace.

Grooms are again the fashion. Yes, and most probably will continue to be so, while silly parents allow their inexperienced, too susceptible daughters to ride out unattended, with Jim or Harry, the groom, for hours together. Never hear of such things in France, or on the Continent? No, and are never likely to. Materfamilias there does not entrust her daughter, however high-souled or with whatever Amazonish tastes they may indulge in, to the companionship or society of grooms. Certainly the reports in our papers for the last month or six weeks have not tended to raise our opinion of the English modern system of education for the feminine branches of our aristocracy and middle classes. The Divorce Court has been simply disgusting; and then we have maidens of highest rank eloping with their music-masters; and then another, but a step lower in the social scale, flees her father's roof, and gives herself in wedlock to her father's groom. Well, if parents will be such fools as to trust their silly daughters out alone, or allow them to indulge in Horsey language and Menkinish attainments, they must expect that, with the obstinacy of mules, their daughters will make asses of themselves, and very probably disgrace and outrage English society by disgusting alliances.

What do I think of the revelations of the tea-trade? Why, that the cup is no longer likely to cheer or to inebriate. Bohea should be called "bosh," and Pekoe avoided as distilled deadly nightshade. Why, only imagine rogues trying to import villainous stuff, compounded of sand, filth, steel-filings, and rotten leaves, and ready fools being speedy purchasers at twopence-halfpenny the pound, and then foisting it on the market at three and sixpence! Should be punished? Why, of course, they should, and pretty severely too. The sale of beer is to be in every way discountenanced and tea encouraged; but who, in his senses, will venture to indulge in such poison after the late disclosures? No; if I had my will, I would make the punishment pretty severe for those who attempt to impose upon the public by the sale of such filth. Just imagine three old hags rejoicing over their kettle—

Hubble, bubble, cheat, and trouble,
Fire burn, and water bubble;
Round about the tea-pot go,
In the filthy messes throw,
Now more filth and re-dried leaves,
And stuff from tea-dealing thieves;
Filth a Letheby dare not name,
Which call *Pekoe*—that's the game.
Stir the pot—aye, stir it well—
Let the worn-out tea-leaves swell;
Another spoonful makes it slab,
Unwholesome slop for any drab.
Pour it out, and in the cup
A drop of filthy cow-juice put;
Cow-juice made from Dover chalk,
The best of milk on London walk;
With fresh calves' blood to make it seem
Thick and white, and look like cream;
With sugar from the root of beet,
Complete at once the whole deceit.
Your friends invite each afternoon,
But he who drinks it needs *no spoon*.

The Man Abroad.

BRUSSELS, *March 17th.*

I COULD not resist the temptation of passing a week in this pleasant Belgian city, in answer to an invitation accorded me by a friend of many years' standing. There is to me a peculiar charm in Brussels, which Paris sadly lacks. There the pursuit of pleasure always comes to mix itself up in some strange fashion with politics, and the most determined lotos-eater occasionally transforms himself into a rabid partisan; here the world is quiet, and all trouble seems dead leaves and spent winds' riot. Paris, in fine, is too noisy and bewildering, except for the gilded youth whose span is that of a butterfly, and who at five-and-twenty are as incapable, physically, as they have been morally all their lives. There the river leaps impetuous as over the precipices of Niagara, and creates in falling such a din as to drown all conversation; here the stream flows along calmly, and almost majestically, its beauty only entranced by the gentle declivities over which it has to fall in musical cadence on his way to the expectant ocean. But enough of metaphors, which you must please forgive, and attribute to their real cause—an attack of *Daily Telegraph* on the brain. In Paris one may expect to find it, for is not its French correspondent the *alter ego*—more *ego*, too, than *alter*—of Buonaparte *dit* Napoleon III.? and has not the house of De Lauzun always occupied a permanent, if infamous, place in French story? But here, until lately, it was possible to walk the streets without being continually reminded that the degeneracy of the human intellect had been put beyond a doubt, by the fact that it possessed the largest circulation in the world. Since I was last in Brussels, however, they have changed all that, and now it is impossible to get out of its way. The railway bookstalls, the news agents, the street-vendors, are all in a conspiracy to remind the English traveller that he has everywhere on his back a burden which Sinbad would have found far more intolerable than his old man of the sea. Brussels, however, is very charming, with this great drawback to enjoying it thoroughly. There is one other nightmare, which is, unfortunately, of longer standing. Need I say that I refer to the neighbourhood of Waterloo? I am very far from underrating the importance and glory of the victory which our arms achieved on that famous battle-field (my pride, however, being tempered by a suspicion that the Prussians have never been admitted to their due share of it), but it is a thousand pities that it was not situated far out of the reach of Brussels, or, indeed, any other large city; for the daily excursions to it which take place bring swarms of our compatriots, who are not to be described by any word in the English language so appropriate as the French *terrible*. It is just possible that, were Waterloo not within reach, they would never favour us with their bad French and worse English. To see them walking about the streets with that meaningless stare, the conventional red guide-book, the bag slung across their shoulders, all this is enough to make one deny one's country even at the price of perjury. They are, no doubt, good, worthy people; but why do they not stay at home, where they are not singular at any rate, even if they be dull. Indeed, one can even fancy them aspiring to municipal honours, and, perhaps, ultimately landing on the magisterial bench; but why, ten thousand times why, do they ever undertake foreign travel? If they could only see themselves as others see them, they would never exchange Brighton or Margate, Scarboro' or Southport for Brussels and the Rhine. The snob and the *bourgeois* of every nation is very awful, but the English samples of those two classes are far above any of their compeers. In the winter, however, one is comparatively free from this nuisance; but, dating from about April to October, they are conveyed daily in scores to carve their names on the doors of the farm at Hougemont and to gape in wonder at the summer house where the present Marchioness of Hastings' grandfather had his leg cut off. Taking care to avoid these pitfalls, time may be made to pass away pleasantly. In front of restaurants you are far from being badly provided. We will suppose that you have "descended" at one of the hotels on the Place Royale (it would be invidious for me to say which, though for me it is a thousand to ten on one), and are anxious to pass a day away. You will first accompany me to the restaurant Provenceaux in the Rue Royale and facing the park. Here you will get as good a breakfast as any that Bignon or Dorand can supply. This finished, and a cigar—which you will take care to bring with you, for here they are not smokeable—lighted, we will stroll along the Rue Royale down the street past the noble cathedral of St. Gudule to the "Passages," which are a cross between the Burlington Arcade and the Passage Jouffray. Here one can buy that article, indispensable to the British youth, a flower, and then, feeling equal to any fortune, go forth boldly to the Brussels Bois. Not that there is any resemblance between the Bois de Boulogne and the promenade of a similar character here; but you see, if not the same faces, the same costumes, the same carriages, and the same apparent martyrdom in the people who take part in it. Here the fashionable world makes use of the Boulevards, which run round the higher part of the town, generally called the Quartier Leopold, between the hours of three and five, for their daily drive or walk. Here the carriages go up and down in that solemn way peculiar to the upper three in every country and in every age.

The Bois de la Cambre, which has been enormously improved of late years, and has now a great variety of very pretty carriage ways, where before was only a swamp, is within easy reach of Brussels for a drive or even for a walk; and there are few cities which can boast of such a spot in their immediate vicinity. Grunaendal and Boisfort, one at the edge of the Bois de Cambre, the other further on the road to Waterloo, and close to the railway from Brussels to Luxembourg, both possess excellent hotels and restaurants, to which, in the summer particularly, the inhabitants of Brussels repair to pass a day or two, and to dine *al fresco*, not only without paying, *more tuo*, half-a-sovereign for a tooth-pick, but also well, which in England, is, alas! so rare. To return, however, to Brussels. I will not enlarge on the beauties of the Museum and the Hotel de Ville, nor on the historic interest

attached to the statues of Godfrey de Bouillon and Counts Horn and Egmont, nor on the curious aspect of many parts of the old town, though there is amusement, combined with instruction, to be gleaned from a contemplation of several of these points; but I will suppose that you are, like myself, sick of sight-seeing, unless you can be allowed to accomplish it by yourself, and far out of the reach of guides and commissionaires, who pester one's life out with their monotonous drawl. Such being the case, having arrived at the Brussels dining hour (six), let us go, also, in search of our food, which will be provided by a cunning hand, if you will listen to my advice on this topic. Where we dined, and what they gave us, with other gossip about Brussels and its doings, I will tell you next week.

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

THE sport of the week has been everywhere overshadowed by the sad accident which has terminated so fatally to Mr. George Ede. When I wrote last week, I little thought that the accident had been so serious, as I did not happen to be at Liverpool on the last day of the meeting, and was, consequently, not present when it occurred. It has deprived us not only of one of the best gentlemen riders that has been seen on the Turf for years, but of a good all-round sportsman, a general friend, and a name *sans peur et sans reproche*. Lord Poulett may well feel his loss; for, independent of his personal regard for Mr. Ede, there can be no question that many of the victories which his horses have gained have been owing chiefly to the splendid horsemanship of their rider—notably, the Baden steeplechase last year.

The racing of the week has been of more than an average character. Pontefract Meeting on Monday and Tuesday was a very successful one; only, however, worthy of comment from the fact that nearly all the favourites succumbed, and that John Scott began the season well by winning three races with Viscountess and Tarna, both steered by little Gray, who won on each occasion that he had a mount. The Grand National Meeting at Cottenham was a very sporting affair. There was a large attendance on both days; the Kimbolton party, which included the Prince and Princess of Wales, mustering in force on the Tuesday. The opening event created no little excitement, owing to the overthrow of Primrose, who was unable to concede 26 lbs. and 28 lbs. to Merry Monk and Patchwork respectively. She was, perhaps, a little sore from her Aintree excursion, though the result of the steeplechase on the following day would seem to negative this supposition. Warlike, after a good race with Limerick, scored his third victory in succession over hurdles, and bids fair to obtain eminence in this new branch of his profession. Schiedam, the property of Mr. Chaplin, won the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase—the third time that it has fallen to his owner—very easily, and looking at the way in which he disposed of Tinderbox, and several other proficients at this game, he must have been dangerous in the Liverpool, had he been allowed to oppose The Colonel and his regiment. He is by Amsterdam—Mrs. Fowler, and was bought at the Middle Park sale in 1866, and has never before run in public, if my memory serves me aright. Q.C. disposed of Lightning in the Cottenham Steeplechase, after having fallen early in the race, and having been remounted by Mr. Yates with great alacrity; as, in addition to this *contretemps*, Lightning, who is no mean performer himself, had a 12 lb. pull in the weights. Q.C. has vindicated his claim to be considered a fairish animal over three miles at all events. Arlescott disposed of a hot favourite in Bishopton in the last race on the first day; and on Wednesday Mr. Walker opened the ball by scoring another win on Vulcan, for Count Esterhazy; who, in despite of his misfortune at Malton, has had a fair share of luck with the steeplechasers that he has brought over from the land of the Magyar. The Cambridgeshire Steeplechase saw The Doctor and Primrose once more in the lists together, and in consequence of Primrose's defeat the day before, the Cheltenham horse was made a great favourite, while Surney was preferred before Mr. Brockton's mare. The Doctor, however, could never reach her, and after the semblance of a race, she won easily by a length; Surney falling, and though remounted, never being afterwards dangerous. As The Doctor was only giving her 1 lb. more than at Aintree, this performance would favour the supposition, that had she not overpowered her rider there, she would have been much closer to The Colonel than she was, if not absolutely victorious. There was nothing else of any importance to record; and the meetings at Rugby, Kingsbury, and Crewkerne, good as they were in their way, I may also pass *sub silentio*.

WARWICK SPRING MEETING.

With the exception of one or two lesser lights in the way of steeplechase meetings, Warwick has next week almost entirely to itself, and holds forth a promise of fair sport, though the field for the principal handicaps on the flat cannot be large, owing to the limited number of the acceptances.

On Tuesday, the Trial Stakes has four entries, Sunlight, Recorder, Vagabond, and See-Saw. Of these, Sunlight and See-Saw are almost certain to be absentees, in which case Vagabond will have no difficulty in disposing of Recorder.

The Coventry Steeplechase had forty-two entries, of whom twenty-four declared the minor forfeit of two sovereigns. Of the eighteen left in, The Colonel, with all his weight, would be equal to the task of winning; but, as he may be reserved for the Grand Annual on Thursday, Moose seems the most serviceable ally.

The Willoughby Cup has only seven acceptances out of the twenty entries; and of these Champagne Charlie takes my fancy most.

On Wednesday, the Union Hunt Cup is a difficult nut to crack; but I have a good account of Mr. Manning's Archduke (a cast-off from M. Dawson's stable), and Purlbrook has been successful lately in races of this kind.

The Debdale Stakes should be won by Tim Bobbin, and, in his absence, by Pompeii; while the Hunters Steeplechase seems a good thing for Sir Launcelot.

The Three-year-old Stakes may be secured by the Castanette filly, and the match between Messrs. Lucy and Robertson must be booked a good thing for the latter.

The Great Warwickshire Handicap has secured an acceptance of twelve only out of the thirty-three entered, and looks a certainty for Starter, whose non-starting looks also a certainty in view of his engagement in the Chester Cup. In his absence, Acaster must render an excellent account of himself.

The Hunt Cup Steeplechase on Thursday looks a good thing for Three per Cent, unless Bishopton is equal to the task of making him sing small; and this brings me to the last and most important item that I am called on to criticise.

The Grand Annual Steeplechase—19 acceptances out of the 48 entries—may perhaps furnish a respectable field, which will doubtless include the two top-weights, The Colonel, 12st 8lbs, and Pearl Diver, 12st 2lbs. The latter now meets his Liverpool conqueror on 15 lbs more favourable terms, and he ran well up to a certain point over the Aintree course, when his weight told. However, I hate standing horses for which excuses have to be made, and shall stand The Colonel to finish before Mr. Brayley's horse once more. Schiedam is likely to be the most dangerous opponent to this pair, but with a 7lbs penalty he will hardly, I think, achieve first-class honours, though 10st 11lbs is not a cruel impost for a horse that has shown such fair form as Mr. Chaplain's transformed. However, as I have a great faith in the bridge that carried me over so well the other day, I shall once more, like Hortense Schneider, avow my *penchant* for the military.

The Epsom Spring Meeting, which commences on the 29th, will introduce us to the City and Suburban, which event was referred to in my letter of February 5, when I especially named Miss Dayrell, Gertrude, and Walter,—all three among the first six in the unprecedentedly large number of horses now quoted both at Tattersall's and the Clubs.

FORECAST.

In the Arena.

AS there have been several changes in both crews this week, and are likely to be more, we shall postpone giving the names and weights of the men in the respective boats until another week, when both crews will have arrived at Putney for the finishing polish. The most important change has been made in the Oxford boat, who were completely at a nonplus for a good stroke, but now they have been relieved of their difficulties by Mr. Darbishire consenting to take that important post, which he has so worthily filled in three important races, viz., twice against Cambridge, and in the international race against Harvard. This change has considerably altered the state of affairs as regards the probable issue of the race; and what a week ago seemed almost a foregone conclusion—that Cambridge must win, is now completely changed, and the dark blue have again a more than fair chance of defeating their sister blue. We do do not believe in the betting being two to one on Oxford, as the daily papers have stated, as the race is certainly a most open one as yet. When the crews have been a week at Putney, we shall be in a position to give our readers the name of the best crew for certain, but at present we can only but profess a slight fancy for the light blue.

The few remaining College sports have taken place this week, but there have been no deeds of magnitude performed, as all the crack men are getting ready for the University sports, which take place the week after next at Oxford and Cambridge, and the Inter-'Varsity sports are fixed for Thursday, the 7th of April, the day after the boat race; and as on the 8th the boxing championship takes place, with the Amateur Champion Meeting on the 9th, this week will be a very busy one at Lillie Bridge, where of evenings, just now, the various London athletes are practising for the races in which they intend to take part.

Some time ago, when we drew attention to the number of hybrid clubs with high-sounding names that had sprung up, and whose members were better appreciated at a distance—as many of them, we imagined, had discovered when they faced the ordeal of a ballot for the London Athletic Club—we fancied the climax of the meetings for outside amateurs had arrived, and were in nowise prepared for the *Amalgamated Amateur Swimming Clubs'* steeple-chase which took place last Saturday, in which we are happy to say no gentleman amateur took part, except one or two recent additions to the athletic world, who could not have known the peculiarities of the handicapping, manners, &c., indulged in by the promoters of the chase. It is most certainly a novel qualification for an amateur race or steeple-chase, to belong to an amateur swimming club. With regard to the result, it is only necessary to state that the South Essex Athletic Club, as usual in this style of handicap, furnished the first three.

The Honourable Artillery Company's assault of arms, which took place on Wednesday, was a most decided success, as the display of talent in fencing, boxing, and sword exercise was far above the average, and was duly appreciated by a large audience of ladies and gentlemen. The most noticeable events were the glove fights between Messrs. A. Batty and Eglese, in which the former gentleman displayed the most marvellous agility, in getting out of the attacks of his very heavy opponent; but the best display of the evening with the gloves was the finishing set-to between Mr. H. I. Chinnery and Ned Donnelly. The club and sword feats were well performed, as might be expected by such men as Corporals Butt and Haynes, but by far the most amusing performance of the evening was that of the quarter-staff, between Messrs. Clarke and Preston, who were paid the compliment of an *encore*.

In billiards, the chief attraction of the week was the Exhibition match between the champion Cook and the ex-champion John Roberts, sen., which Cook won somewhat easily, as might be expected, as, while he improves, John Roberts is gradually feeling the effects of his many years.

We cannot conclude "In the Arena" this week without alluding to the melancholy death of Mr. G. M. Ede. The present writer of this article, although having but a slight personal acquaintance with him in the cricket field, can speak competently of the many good and noble qualities he possessed, and how much he contributed, both as a cricketer and rider, to maintain the gulf between an amateur and professional, The loss to his country as a cricketer will not be easily repaired, as not only was he valued for his skill at the game, but his energy and genial temperament did much to restore the cricketing renown of Hampshire; and as a rider of flat races and steeple chases, it will be long before we see his superior or equal. We can but say now, *requiescat in pace*.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Twin heroes of the double fight,
How can we sing your praise aright
In our acrostic lay?
The pulses throb, the life-blood stirs
At such a "Battle of the Spurs;"
Such fiercely-foughten fray.

1.
This must be borne, but let the world not see it;
In any circumstances never be it.

2.
The bugle's call, the drum's incessant beating,
Proclaim to this 'tis time to be retreating.

3.
On it I went in my reckless youth,
And many queer things as a boy did;
But when fish or horse, I can say with truth,
'Tis better by far avoided.

4.
Sweet inspiration's source, I trow,
Fain would I have thee by me now.

5.
Horrid nuisance though it may be,
Yet one gives it to a baby.

6.
Heedless of worldly cares and strife,
Be this the tenour of your life.

7.
An experience I've had upon many a race,
But *not* on this Liverpool Steeplechase.

SOLUTION OF DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN LAST WEEK'S NUMBER.

W o O
I phegeni A
L ef T
D angerou S

CORRECT SOLUTIONS RECEIVED:—Five Foot; Dord; M. M.; Barcelona; Bunch and Pie.

LATEST BETTING IN LONDON.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.

7 to 1 agst Miss Dayrell (offered; 8 to 1 taken)
10 — 1 — Sabinus (taken and offered)
100 — 9 — Ashfield (taken)
100 — 9 — Walter (offered)
100 — 6 — Gertrude (offered)
20 — 1 — Géant des Batailles (offered; 25 to 1 t.)
20 — 1 — Myosotis (offered; take 25 to 1)
20 — 1 — Douglas o.; after 100 to 3 & 25 to 1 laid)
20 — 1 — Oxonian (offered; 500 to 20 taken)
25 — 1 — Leila colt (offered; take 30 to 1)
25 — 1 — Benbow (taken)
25 — 1 — Ladas (offered; take 30 to 1)
25 — 1 — Vestminster (taken to £120 and offered)
1000 — 30 — Vintner (taken and offered)
500 — 10 — Dunbar (taken and offered)
200 — 3 — Chawbacon (offered)
200 — 3 — Scarboro' (offered)
100 — 1 — Captivator (offered)
500 — 5 — Birthday (offered)
500 — 5 — Van Amburgh (offered)
11 — 1 — Oxonian and Benbow, coupled (12 to 1 t)
1000 — 60 — Mr. Hodgman's lot (taken and offered)
20 — 1 — Lord Zetland's pair (offered)

PLACE BETTING.

7 — 2 — Sabinus (offered)
6 — 1 — Oxonian (offered)
6 — 1 — Vestminster (offered)
7 — 1 — Leila colt (offered)
7 — 1 — Vintner (offered)

CHESTER CUP.

100 to 6 agst Starter (taken)
20 — 1 — Morna (taken and offered)
20 — 1 — St. Mungo (taken and offered)
25 — 1 — Vintner (o.; 1000 to 30 & 300 to 10 t.)
1000 — 30 — Siderolite (offered)
1500 — 45 — Cap a Pie (taken and offered)
1000 — 30 — Socrates (offered)
40 — 1 — Wild Flower (taken)

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

11 to 4 agst Kingcraft (offered; 3 to 1 wanted)
5 — 1 — Astolfo (offered)
8 — 1 — Sunlight (offered)
10 — 1 — Sunshine (offered)
14 — 1 — Bridgwater (taken)

DERBY.

8 to 1 agst Kingcraft (offered)
9 — 1 — Camel (offered; take 10 to 1)
10 — 1 — Sunshine (taken to £100)
25 — 1 — Normanby (offered; 500 to 15 wanted)
500 — 35 — Bridgwater (taken)
1000 — 30 — Macgregor (taken after 400 to 10 and 1000 to 40 laid)

RACING FIXTURES.

MARCH.

Warwick	22	Epsom	29
Brentwood	24	Bromley	31
St. Albans	25	Louth	31

APRIL.

Croxton Park	1	Durham	18
Royal Artillery, Woolwich	4	Enfield	18
Northampton	5	Knighton	19
York	6	Isle of Wight	20
Aldershot	7	South Essex	21
West Drayton	7	East Sussex Hunt	23
Thirsk	7	Cardiff	26
Cheltenham	7	Lewes	26
Liverpool Hunt	9	Exeter	27
Kingsbury	18	Croydon	28
Newmarket Craven	18	Eglinton Hunt	28

MAY.

Newmarket 1st Spring	2	Doncaster	19
Sevenoaks	5	Wye	19
Edinburgh	7	Harpenden	20
Chester	10	Bath	24
Winchester	10	Stamford	26
Salisbury	12	Croydon	26
Chelmsford	17	Epsom	31
York	17		

JUNE.

Spennymoor	6	Newcastle	21
Croydon	8	Hampton	23
Manchester	8	Odiham	28
Ascot	14	Newton	29
Beverley	15	Bibury Club	29
Windsor	21	Stockbridge	30

JULY.

Sutton Park	5	West Drayton	14
Newmarket July	5	Southampton	14
Carlisle	5	Isle of Man	14
Worcester	7	Knutsford	15
Pontefract	11	Huntingdon	19
Nottingham	12	Kingsbury	21
Reading	12	Goodwood	26

AUGUST.

Brighton	2	Lichfield	16
Tiverton	3	Stockton	17
Brighton Club	4	Oxford	18
Lewes	5	York	23
Leek	8	Plymouth	25
Egham	9	Scarborough	29
Wolverhampton	9	Rainham	29
Windsor	11	Derby	30
Paisley	11	Weymouth	30
Radcliffe	12	Liverpool	31
Bromley	16		

SEPTEMBER.

Warwick	6	Western Meeting (Ayr)	21
Abingdon	8	Hendon	22
Doncaster	13	Monmouth	22
Hampton	20	Newmarket 1st Oct.	27
Richmond	20	Lanark	29

OCTOBER.

Bedford	4	Newmarket 2nd Oct.	10
Leicester	6	Cheltenham Autumn	18
Bromley	6	Newmarket Houghton	24

NOVEMBER.

Liverpool Autumn	8	Shrewsbury	14

PRINCIPAL TURF FIXTURES FOR 1870.

City and Suburban (1¼ miles) ..... Tues., March 29.
Great Metropolitan (2¼ miles) ..... Wed., March 30.
Northamptonshire Stakes (2 miles) ..... Tues., April 5.
Newmarket Handicap (1½ miles) ..... Wed., April 20.
Two Thousand Guineas (1 mile 17 yards) Tues., May 3.
One Thousand Guineas (7 fur. 210 yards)... Thurs., May 5.
Chester Cup (2¼ miles) ..... Wed., May 11.
The Derby (1½ miles) ..... Wed., June 1.
The Oaks (1½ miles) ..... Friday, June 3.
Ascot Stakes (2½ miles) ..... Tues., June 14.
Ascot Gold Cup (2½ miles) ..... Thurs., June 16.
Goodwood Stakes (2½ miles) ..... Wed., July 27.
Goodwood Cup (2½ miles) ..... Thurs., July 28.
Brighton Stakes (1¾ miles) ..... Tues., August 2.
Brighton Cup (2 miles) ..... Wed., August 3.
Lewes Grand Handicap (2 miles) ..... Sat., August 6.
Great Ebor Handicap (2 miles)..... Wed., August 24.
Great Yorkshire Stakes (1¾ miles) ..... Thurs., August 25.
Doncaster St. Leger (1 mile 6 fur. 132 yds.) Wed., Sept. 14.
Great Eastern Handicap (5 fur. 140 yds.)... Tues., Sept. 27.
October Handicap (1 mile 2 fur. 73 yds.) ... Friday, Sept. 30.
Cesarewich Stakes (2 miles 2 fur. 28 yds.)... Tues., Oct. 11.
Middle Park Plate (6 furlongs) ..... Wed., Oct. 12.
Cambridgeshire Stakes (1 mile 240 yds.) ... Tuesday, Oct. 25.

Mr. H. H. Dixon, better known as the "The Druid," the author of "The Post and the Paddock," "Scott and Sebright," "Silk and Scarlet," and the contributor of the articles headed "National Sports" in the *Illustrated London News*, together with other well known works, died on Wednesday.

Sam Rogers, the celebrated jockey and trainer, died this week.

ROYAL GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND.

A "monster" dramatic entertainment was given on Thursday morning at the Queen's Theatre, the the occasion being the annual benefit of the Royal General Theatrical Fund. The various theatres were most liberally represented, and a brilliantly-filled house assembled to witness a programme of the most attractive character. It consisted of the second act of *Philomel*, the first scene of the fourth act of *Little Em'ly*, the second act of *'Twixt Axe and Crown*, the first act of *New Men and Old Acres*, the second act of *Uncle Dick's Darling*, and the second act of *Chilpéric*. The parts in the above pieces were filled by the well-known actors and actresses who have so greatly contributed to the success of each at the Haymarket, Olympic, the Queen's, the Gaiety, the Lyceum, and the Globe theatres. All exerted themselves to the utmost, and everything passed off smoothly and well, leaving nothing to be desired. The audience were hearty in the extreme in their welcome to those who gave their valuable services in aid of their brother actors; and in the case of Mrs. Keeley, who is seldom or never seen upon the boards now-a-days, except upon an occasion of this sort, the reception was most enthusiastic. The address subjoined was delivered by Mrs. Keeley—*how*, we need not say:—

Ladies and Gentlemen—I wish to know
If my part was not played long, long ago?
But, if old birds may e'er hop off their shelves,
'Tis to ask help for those who help themselves.
They say the Drama's dead—the critics do,
And what the critics tell us must be true;
But the more dead the Drama, it would seem
With more new theatres her ashes teem.
The cry is still they come—six at a go born,
East, west, north, south—the New Queen's and Holborn,
The Globe, the Gaiety, Montague's, Charing-cross—
All entered for the race of gain or loss.
But, though new theatres be so the rage
That all the Strand, like all the world 's a stage,
Not less the critic's sentence hath been said
That dooms the British Drama dead, dead, dead.
Black-edge your acting edition, Mr. Lacy;
Write large on stage-doors—*Requiescat in pace*,
Or, epitaph of cheerfuller complexion,
Hic jacet, in the hope of resurrection.
But, if dead Drama take up all this room,
Must living Drama vainly seek a home?
As her old "Maid-of-all-work" I say "No."
Call for her, and, like Topsy, "'Spec's she'll grow."
But one thing's clear, be Drama quick or dead,
The actors are alive, and must be fed;
And from their summer harvest store away
'Gainst age's winter and fate's rainy day;
For this our bantling Fund, stout if 'tis small,
Opens its plucky little arms to all;
Says, "Give your mite; that mite we 'll save for you,
And add what friendly hands may put thereto."
As "many littles to a muckle" creep,
Pile mites enough, they 'll make a mighty heap;
'Till in our banker's book at length we grow
To four fat figures, in imposing show.
Thalia's eyes in time will lose their twinkle,
Melpomene be put up to a wrinkle,
See the town's favours' ebbing tide forsake her—
All *must* grow old, even to "Betsy Baker."
Then comes life's quiet eventime—how blest,
If, soothed by comfort, it leads on to rest!
To crown that comfort and that rest to cheer,
We, on these boards, you, on those seats, are here.
For that a moment I resume my art—
No, these aren't acted thanks; they're from the heart.

Advertisements.

ITALIAN OPERA.—THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.—Season will commence on Tuesday, the 29th inst.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.
Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.
Entire change of performance. Doors open at half-past six, commence at seven, and terminate at eleven. Stage Manager, Mr. Edward Stirling. Box-office open from ten till five daily.

PEEP O'DAY, the Irish Romantic Drama, will be performed THIS EVENING, at Eight o'clock.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PEEP O'DAY.—The Pattern Fair, the Irish Jig, the Faction Fight, illustrated by 300 auxiliaries. THIS EVENING
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PEEP-O'-DAY.—The Old Quarry, Foil Dhuiv, or Dark Valley. Startling Sensation Scene. THIS EVENING.

PEEP O'DAY, with Characteristic Scenery, by William Beverley. THIS EVENING.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PEEP O'DAY, produced under the personal direction of F. B. Chatterton. THIS EVENING, at Eight o'clock.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PEEP O'DAY.—Characters by Messrs. J. B. Howard, Lewis, Nanton, Barrett, J. Neville, F. Charles, C. Moore, M'Intyre, W. Fawdon Vokes, F. Vokes, J. Reynolds, Cullen, J. B. Johnstone, J. Morris, Mitchenson, Seymour, Silvani; Mesdames Edith Stuart, Barrett, Michelli, Amy Roselle, Hastings, Harper, and Rosina Vokes. THIS EVENING, at Eight.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PHOBUS'S FIX.—New Farce, in which the celebrated Vokes Family will appear. THIS EVENING, at Seven o'clock.
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.
Great attraction of MR. SOTHERN'S Reappearance in Lord Dundreary.—THIS EVENING, at Seven, POPPING THE QUESTION. At twenty minutes to Eight, OUR AMERICAN COUSIN. Characters by Mr. Sothern, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Braid, Mr. Rogers; Mrs. Chippendale, Miss F. Wright, Miss F. Gwynne, Miss C. Hill, &c. Concluding with DEAF AS A POST: Mr. Compton and Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam. Box-office open daily, from ten to five.

MR. SOTHERN'S REAPPEARANCE as LORD DUNDREARY.—In consequence of the great demand for places, and the crowded houses which have nightly witnessed the revival of OUR AMERICAN COUSIN, it will be performed until further notice. In rehearsal, a new and original Rustic Comedy, entitled "Barwise's Book," by Mr. H. T. Craven, Esq., in which Mr. Sothern, Mr. Buckstone, and the principal members of the company, with Mrs. Frank Matthews will appear.

SOTHERN as LORD DUNDREARY EVERY EVENING till further notice.

SOTHERN as LORD DUNDREARY EVERY EVENing till further notice.

BUCKSTONE as ASA TRENCHARD EVERY EVENING till further notice.
HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.
Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Benjamin Webster.
Novelty and Attraction.—Enthusiastic reception of Mr. Henry J. Byron in "Not such a Fool as he Looks." Production of Mr. Henry J. Byron's popular drama of "Blow for Blow."—THIS EVENING, at seven, BLOW FOR BLOW. Charley Spraggs (ninth time in London), Mr. Henry J. Byron; Messrs. J. D. Beveridge, C. H. Stephenson, Arthur Stirling; Miss Furtado, Miss Eliza Johnstone, Miss Lavis, and Miss M. Harris. To conclude with NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS. Mr. H. J. Byron, Messrs. G. Belmore, J. D. Beveridge, C. H. Stephenson; Miss Lavis, Mrs. Leigh Murray, and Miss M. Harris. Box-office open from ten till five; no fees for booking.

MR. HENRY J. BYRON THIS EVENING, in his popular personation of SIR SIMON SIMPLE.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS, THIS EVENING, and for a few nights only, in consequence of the production of a new and original Drama, in four acts, by Henry J. Byron, in which the author and Mr. Benjamin Webster will perform.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

MR. BYRON'S PERFORMANCE of SIR SIMON SIMPLE having been most enthusiastically received, Mr. Webster begs to announce its repetition every evening until further notice.—THIS EVENING, H. J. Byron's celebrated Drama, BLOW FOR BLOW, in which the Author will appear as Charley Spraggs.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

BLOW FOR BLOW.—Ninth time, THIS EVENING. Charley Spraggs, Mr. Henry J. Byron; Alice and Mildred, Miss Furtado.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

GAIETY THEATRE, Strand.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.—At 7, Operetta, THE HAPPY VILLAGE. Miss Loseby, Miss Tremaine; Mr. Perrini, Mr. Teesdale, &c. 7.45, Mr. Alfred Wigan (his 6th appearance this season) in the popular Comic Musical Drama, THE FIRST NIGHT, supported by Miss Loseby, Miss Tremaine, Mr. R. Soutar, Mr. Maclean, and chorus. 9.0 (6th time at this hour), H. J. Byron's successful three-act Drama, UNCLE DICK'S DARLING (81st night). Mr. J. L. Toole, Miss Neilson, Mr. H. Irving, Mr. J. Clayton, &c. At 11.0, BALLET. Miss Henri, Miss Marlowe, Mr. Brian, and Corps. Carriages at 11.15.

GAIETY.—Mr. ALFRED WIGAN EVERY NIGHT.

GAIETY.—Mr. J. L. TOOLE EVERY NIGHT.

GAIETY.—Miss NEILSON EVERY NIGHT.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mrs. JOHN WOOD as H.R.H. the Princess Pocahontas, in the Grand Indian Burlesque, LA BELLE SAUVAGE. "A brilliant success."—Times. "An immense success." Standard.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—96th Night of LA BELLE SAUVAGE. Flutter Song—Dutchman's Wee Dog—Britannia's Bend—Mammoth Sunflower—The Velocipede. "A decided success."—The Daily Telegraph. "Most legitimate success."—Daily News.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—131st Night of SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER, with new scenery, dresses, and appointments, at 7 o'clock. At 9.15, LA BELLE SAUVAGE. Scene 1. Immigration. Scene 2. Examination. Scene 3. Intimidation. Scene 4. Recreation. Scene 5. Preservation. To conclude with AN UNHAPPY PAIR. Box-office open from ten till five.

LYCEUM THEATRE. — Triumphant success of CHILPERIC, the great Opera Bouffe, in English. Supported by Messrs. Marius (Folies Dramatiques), Aynsley Cook, H. Rowland, Vincent, Odell, and Mons. Hervé.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—CHILPERIC at 8.15. The great Umbrella Chorus. Hervé's Song of the Butterfly and Duet with Miss Muir encored nightly.

LYCEUM THEATRE. — The brilliant DANCE of CONFUSION and finale to the Second Act raises the nightly crowded audiences to a pitch of enthusiasm unprecedented in theatrical annals.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Places can be secured in advance; and the Management beg to inform the public that the performances conclude in time for the late trains.

ROYALTY.—Miss Oliver's Last Season. At 7.30, Andrew Halliday's Drama, LOVE'S DOCTOR; at 9, Burnand's Burlesque, BLACK-EYED SUSAN. Concluding with RELY ON MY DISCRETION.—Box-office open eleven to five.

PRETTY SUSAN, DON'T SAY NO, 1,808th time. CAPTAIN CROSSTREE IS HIS NAME, 806th time. The song of the Tittlebat and Swimming Chorus, EVERY EVENING. Messrs. Dewar, Danvers; Mesdames Saunders, Parkes, Oliver.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN, Burnand's Great Burlesque, 448th night.—Captain Crosstree, Mr. Dewar; Dame Hatley, Mr. Danvers; Shaun, Miss Saunders; William, Miss Caroline Parkes; Black eyed Susan, Miss M. Oliver.—ROYALTY THEATRE.

ASTLEY'S.—On MONDAY, the Great Sensational Drama, KING O' SCOTS. King James and Trapbois, Mr. Phelps.

ASTLEY'S.—The most eminent Artistes engaged to support Mr. Phelps.

ASTLEY'S.—NOTICE to LADIES.—In consequence of the overflow and inconvenience experienced by ladies obtaining their bonnets after the performance, in future LADIES WEARING DRESS BONNETS will be ADMITTED to the DRESS CIRCLE.

QUEEN'S.—Great and Legitimate Success of Tom Taylor's Historical Play, in Five Acts, 'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN; or, The Lady Elizabeth. With entirely new Scenery by Messrs. George Gorden and W. Phillips. Orchestra stalls, 7s.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—Mr. Rousby, Mr. Ryder, Mr. H. Marston, Mr. W. Bedford, Mr. G. Rignold, Mr. A. Nelson, Miss Georgina Pauncefort, Miss M. Henderson, Mrs. H. Vandenhoff, and Mrs. Rousby. Balcony, 5s.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—The Great Gallery at St. James's—The Tower Room in the Lieutenant's Lodgings—Great Hall of Hatfield House. Box stalls, 2s. 6d.; pit, 1s. 6d.; amphitheatre, 1s.; gallery, 6d.

QUEEN'S.—'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN.—Places can be booked a fortnight in advance. Box-office open daily from ten till five.

PRINCE OF WALES'S ROYAL THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Miss MARIE WILTON.—THIS EVENING at eight o'clock, will be performed SCHOOL, written by T. W. Robertson, the author of "Society," "Ours," "Caste," and "Play." Messrs. Hare, H. J. Montague, Addison, Glover, and Bancroft; Mrs. Buckingham White, Miss Carlotta Addison, and Miss Blanche Wilton. Act 1. Recreation. Act 2. Examination. Act 3. Flirtation. Act 4. Realisation. The scenery has been repainted by Mr. Hawes Craven. At 7.30, DEAREST MAMMA. Messrs. Addison, Montgomery, Terriss. Mesdames B. White, Augusta and B. Wilton. Conclude with QUITE BY ACCIDENT. Messrs. Montague, Collette, and Miss Addison. Box-office hours eleven till five.

CANTERBURY HALL, Westminster-road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. W. Holland.—Miss NELLY POWER, at this Hall only, EVERY EVENING.—Miss Nelly Power in the Grand Ballet, entitled, "The Four-Leaved Shamrock." Re-written by F. Green, Esq., with New Comic Songs. Miss Nelly Power as "Dermot." Miss Nelly Power as the "Pet Jockey" and "Apollo." Miss Nelly Power in her celebrated imitations of the most popular comic singers of the day. Miss Nelly Power's last appearance at this or any other Music Hall.
Special Notice.—During the engagement of this charming burlesque actress, no advance in prices. Musical and managing director, Mr. Jesse Williams.

ALHAMBRA.—Mr. F. STRANGE begs to announce that his ANNUAL BENEFIT will take place on TUESDAY, March 22, on which occasion a GRAND ENTERTAINMENT will be given both MORNING and EVENING.

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